I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I ſhaking out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you diſpoſd, you quake like reabels:
O gentile villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo Foule wrinkled, witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?
Qu. Ma. But repitition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleaſure you vſurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland*:
His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported,
Dorſ. No man but propheſied reuenge for it.
Buc Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Qu. Ma. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to each each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now one me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſomuch with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their kingdomes loſt my woefull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward my ſonne, which now is pri
For *Edward* my ſon, which was a P
Die in his youth by like vntimely v
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was
Out liue thy glory, like my wretche
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy c
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art ſtald
Long die thy happy dayes before t
And after many lengthened houres
Die neither mother, wife, nor *Engla*
Riuers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtand
And ſo was thou Lord *Haſtings*,
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, G
That none of you may liue your nat
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou
Qu. Ma. And leaue out thee? ſtay
If heauen haue any greeuous plagu
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vp
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes b
And then hurle downe their indigna
On thee the troubler of the poore w
The worme of conſcience ſtill begn
Thy friends ſuſpect for traytors wh
And take deepe traytors for thy de
No ſleepe cloſe vp the deadly eyes o
Vnleſſe it be whilſt ſome tormentin
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly d
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuiti
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heat
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers lo
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted
Glo. Margret.
Qu. Ma. Richard.
Qu. Ma. I call the not.
Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: fo

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